

# THE LIGUORIAN

*In the Service of*

## OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

May . . . . . 1930

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## PRAISE!

"Enclosed please find \$2.00 for the renewal of my subscription to The Liguorian—THE LOVELY LITTLE MAGAZINE."

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# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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No. 5

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## He Calleth Thee!

Come to the Master's garden—  
The flowers are fair to see,  
In the first bright flush of the morning.  
Come, for He calleth to thee!

What hath the world to give thee?  
Nothing that shall endure.  
Only His friendship is certain.  
Only His love secure.

He hath labored so hard, too;  
Giving His life—His all.  
Surely we can do something;  
Come let us answer His call!

Help Him to save His children;  
Souls that He loves so dear;  
Come where the Master is calling.  
Work! for the night is near!

Give Him thy heart in the springtime.  
Carry His yoke and be free.  
Love Him and serve Him forever.  
Young Heart! He calleth to thee!

*Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.*

## Father Tim Casey

### THE GREATEST TOPIC OF CONVERSATION

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

The accommodation train clattered merrily over warped rails making up in bumps what it lacked in speed. A big, rawboned cattleman, in sheepskin-lined canvas jacket, sat meditatively chewing an extinct cigar. A fussy little gentleman, in tweeds and eyeglass, spied him, trotted down the aisle, begged his pardon, snuggled into the seat beside him.

"This is going to be good—too good to miss." So said the priest, the Reverend Father Timothy Casey, who was sitting in the seat behind. "I can recite my Office after I reach home, even though I am tired." He marked the place in his Breviary and slipped it into his pocket.

"A stranger in these parts, I take it?" the cattleman supposed, surveying his companion with frank, unblinking gaze.

"Yes. In fact, I'm a stranger in the country. Just spending a few months making a tour of the American States."

"Kinda strayed away from the herd?"

"What herd? Oh, you mean that I am off the beaten track usually followed by foreign tourists?"

"Ya-as, they's poor pickin's on our range for sight-seers."

"That is precisely why I am here—to get different impressions from the ordinary visitor. You see, after I get home I propose to lecture on my travels or possibly write a little book, don't you know?"

"Tell 'em about the habits of the native American while he is still runnin' on the open range, before he has been rounded up, branded, and corn fed—I get you."

"Perhaps you could tell me some of the more striking characteristics of the men and women with whom you associate."

"Why, of course, stranger. The most strikin' characteristic of the men is—is—that they are so doggone lazy they wouldn't work if they didn't have to. The most strikin' characteristic of the women is that they smile at one another to their face and talk about one another behind their back."

The visitor had whipped out notebook and pencil, but he put them back without writing anything.



Father Casey expected the next subject would be prohibition. It was.

"What, sir, do you think of this—this prohibition?"

The cattleman eyed his questioner as judicially as if he were guessing the weight of a steer.

"Stranger," he said, "I could answer that question in two different ways."

"Splendid, splendid!" the visitor exclaimed, and whipped out his notebook.

"Ya-as," the native continued. "I might judge you to be a disguised prohibition spy. In that case, I'd proceed cautiously, like a yearlin' filly traversin' a rattlesnake swamp. My wife's second cousin has a county job gradin' roads. Now if in childlike candor I told you I didn't ordinarily lay awake nights figgerin' out ways and means to make this noble experiment a success, you might have the county fire him, as belongin' to the fam'ly of an undesirable citizen. So, in that case, I'd say I'm as dry as a prairie pasture after a two-years' drought and that at my domestic hearth we read the Volstead Act every night instead of the fam'ly Bible. On the other hand, I might really judge that you are from across the pond and that you might have a little something in that bag o' yours of which you would invite me to partake if you found me favorably inclined. In that case, my answer might be—well—Aw shucks, what's the use!"

"No, no, I assure you, I have no ulterior motive whatsoever—merely seeking to learn your candid opinion."

"Then I'll tell you. My candid opinion is that prohibition is one of the greatest—no, I'll say, the greatest—yes, sir, the very greatest—"

"Yes, yes; go on." And he held his pencil ready to the notebook.

"The greatest —topic of conversation in this here country!"

The notebook went back untouched into the stranger's pocket.

"Do you find, among your acquaintances, for instance, that some resent the action taken by the government to stop drinking?"

"To stop WHAT? Stranger, you don't understand us a-tall. We passed that law, not to stop drinkin' but to make drinkin' respectable. Why, I recollect the time a nice woman couldn't take a gin fizz in public without havin' people turn up their nose at her. And it used to be considered bad form for a high school girl to come home from a dance tipsy. But prohibition has changed all that."

"Prohibition passed to make drinking respectable? Possible?"

"Jest that, sir, jest that—and also as an advertisin' stunt to corral the furrin trade."

"Advertising? Why, my dear man, there is no connection between prohibition at home and advertising your goods abroad—none whatever."

"Now, there doesn't seem to be, does there? But there is, and that's the slickest part of it. We Americans have studied this advertisin' game from A to B. We have found out that it's Si—Si—"

"Psychological."

"That's it, stranger. You said it. It consists of keepin' yourself before the mind of your prospective customer. If he's always thinkin' of you, why, whenever he happens to need something in the line you handle, he jest nachly orders it from you. See the trick?"

"Yes, yes. But I don't see—"

"Now, listen. We was wonderin' how we could keep America before the minds of them Europeans and catch the trade. Then, all of a sudden we thought of passin' this here prohibition. Americans was used to havin' a drink when they wanted it, jest like anybody else. Not gettin' it, they finally develop such a thirst that they stampede to Europe in droves. The moment they set foot on European soil, they hail a taxi. 'Driver,' they say, 'jess pass up the pitcher galleries and museums and cathedrals and ruins, and drive to the bar where they serve the biggest schooners, *toot sweet*—that's French for, step on the gas. You know the result. It's got now all over Europe that when the natives see a bozo fightin' with a lamp post or kissin' a horse or sittin' on the pavement in tears singin' Nellie Grey, they say, 'Oh, lookit the man from America.' And so we keep ourselves before the minds of our prospective customers."

"You mean, therefore, that prohibition is not even intended as a moral movement."

"Political, purely political. We Republicans have always followed the policy of protecting infant industries. Bootlegging was in the infant stage. Protected by prohibition from the competition of big brewers and distillers, it is fast growing into the leading industry of the country."

"You really mean it?"

"Absolutely. We Democrats insist on encouraging trade with furrin

countries. In prohibition we have found the way. Trade with Canada, Cuba, the Bahamas, and such like places was never so brisk and snappy as since we passed the Volstead Act."

"Why, my dear man, one moment you call yourself a Republican and the next moment a Democrat."

"Ya-as, we Drys are like that."

While the visitor wiggled the pencil over his notebook, undecided what to write or whether to write at all, he was given still further light on the subject.

"You see, prohibition was primarily intended as a relief measure. In them days Farm Relief hadn't been thought of. The farms were all pretty well mortgaged as it was, and there wasn't anything we could relieve the farmers of. This bill was for to bring, not Farm Relief, but Preacher Relief."

"I don't really understand."

"I didn't figger you would. Let me explain it to you. Our preachers had been wearin' themselves out with a lot of lost motion—preachin' and prayin' and teachin' and scoldin' and coixin' for to get people to be good and stay good and finally go to heaven. Well, along comes one of these here efficiency experts, and he says to the preachers: 'Boys, you've got it all wrong. Since the only sin that's left, after the higher critics got through workin' 'em over, is to drink beverages containin' more than one-half of one per cent of alcohol by volume, jest pass a law to stop that, and your job's done. You can knock off preachin' the Gospel and amuse yourself talkin' politics and tellin' your flock who'll make the most prosprus president.' And, by gum, that's what they did, so that now everybody in these United States is confirmed in grace—'cepin' a few furriners in them embassies in Washington."

"My word, this is quite confusing," the stranger murmured, as he pocketed his notebook still blank as it was at the beginning of the interview.

"Speakin' of Washington," the cattleman continued, "I can let you in on a little confidential information and tell you the real reason why we passed prohibition. Oh, you mustn't write it down." For the visitor had reached for his notebook. "If they'd happen to search you and find it on you, I wouldn't answer for the consequences. But here is the absolute low down on the hull question. A lot of self-sacrificin'

Senators and Representatives have renounced the joys of home and the cares of runnin' a real estate and insurance office and discussin' neighborhood gossip, for to go to Washington and serve their country. Now it's nachrul they must have some amusement. They can't discuss good government, because that requires a heap o' hard thinkin'. So what did they do? They passed prohibition so they could get up a little game to while away their leisure moments. This here game I'm tellin' you about is called Wet-and-Dry. They meet in some Washington beer cellar—some nice clean place fit for Senators, with white cloths on the tables and everything—and they choose up sides. One side is called Wets, and the other side Drys. Then they go back to the Capitol, and this is how they play the game. A Dry gets up and he says: 'Youse Wets is a bunch of crooks, and you're trying to ruin the country.' Then says a Wet: 'The honorable gentleman from so-and-so is a dog-gone liar.' Then says the Dry: 'Will the gentleman yield?' He says: 'I yield.' The Dry says: 'The gentleman is another. And I can prove it.' The Wet says: 'He can't prove nothin'. I've got secret information from a party that I can't name that he heard from a party that he can't name that certain un-named parties in the highest official circles tapped a keg o' home brew right here in the shadow of this historic hall. And if I was to say all I know about the Drys it would cause the very pillars of the nation to rock in their sockets until the ship of state would fall shrieking into the abyss.' When they get all tired out from playin' this game, they call for the clown. He's the Junior Senator from somewhere, and he comes in roarin': 'The Pope o' Rome did it. The Pope o' Rome did it.' 'Did what?' says the end man. 'I dunno what,' says he, 'but whatever youse fellows was chewin' the rag about. I maintain and always will maintain the Pope o' Rome did it. Even if I lose my breath sayin' it, I'll gladly lay down my life on the altar of my country in such a cause.' That's the signal for the weary statesmen to go out and get a pretzel and a glass of ice water or somethin'."

"Really I believe you are treating the matter as a huge joke, don't you know."

"A joke! When we condemn a widow to life imprisonment for the third pint of gin and shoot a bootlegger on sight, it's no joke! No, sir, we are in dead earnest. We are going to make the other fellows sober

citizens even if we have to poison them all to do it. Demon Rum has got to go, even if seven hundred other devils take his place."

"But where is the benefit?"

"Science, sir, in the interests of science. Do you think we are going to permit our youth to forget all the chemistry they learned in high school? Prohibition will spur them on to continue practical experiments in constructing stills, fermenting juices, compounding beverages. Ten more years of prohibition will make us the greatest nation of chemists in the world. You know the next war will be fought by chemists. We are mobilizing for it now. And then the science of medicine. What an opportunity prohibition gives our doctors of studyin' the effect of various poisons on the human heart, on the optic nerve, on the kidneys, on the brain! Why they expect to reach such a high plane of experimental knowledge in this field that they will be able to tell a dying man, without fear of successful contradiction, that it would be folly for him to take another drop of bootleg liquor."

"But your reasons don't seem to fit together. Each one contradicts the others. You are inconsistent, don't you know?"

"Ya-as," returned the cattleman, chewing meditatively on his extinct cigar, "ya-as, we Drys are like that."

"My word," said the stranger sadly. And he pocketed his blank notebook.

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### A MAN OF PRINCIPLE

---

In the ninth century A.D., Haroun-al-Raschid founded the Academy of Bagdad for Medicine, where a Christian physician, Honain, translated many Greek medical writings. For each tome he translated he received the book's weight in gold. One day the Caliph asked him for a drug which would kill without revealing its presence.

Honain refused, and was thrown into prison, where he remained for a year. Then the request was repeated and his life threatened if he refused to comply.

He sent word that "the law of my religion bids me do no evil and the law of my profession commands me solely to help mankind."

"Thy laws are sublime," said the Caliph, and made him court physician, certain that he had found a man who would never try to poison him.

Would that men were still actuated by principles so sublime!

## Charity Begins at Home

M. S. KALLENBACH.

The creak of approaching wagon wheels woke Susan from sleep. She glanced at her clock. Only five o'clock. John had come home at last! The six weeks of waiting were over at last and all anxiety, all suspense, finished. She sprang joyfully out of bed and peeped out the window. Her heart sank. From four sides of the wagon sprang out an impetuous stream of pilgrims. From seven miles away, her nearest neighbors, the Brannigans had come. Far off, the bleaching ribbon of a roadway lost itself in the fresh dust clouds. Susan crept back into bed and thrust her head deeper into the pillows to deaden the sounds of sobs. Little Jackie's last words before sleeping, "God bless papa and send him home tomorrow," repeated themselves. How disappointed he would be. But would he? After all, children love companionship.

She heard the volley of knocks upon the heavy door, with a dull sense of anger. What did they mean by coming today? So early, too. How was she to feed them all? The small stock of provisions left had barely lasted through the interval of John's absence. The one cow, the half dozen chickens and the quart or so of flour left in the barrel, rose before her eyes with alarming prominence. She thought of the pan of cookies, she had prepared for her husband's homecoming, with dismay. John was so fond of them. Could she hide them somewhere before the avalanche broke through the front door? She would try. She must caution Jackie not to ask for them and betray her hoard.

A loud call from the outside made her jump again out of bed. A hunted look came into her eyes as she peered through a slit in the curtain and met the assault of twenty paired eyes. Perhaps, she thought, if I don't let them in they will think I am away. But one of the boys ran back and saw the faint spiral of smoke seeping through the chimney. Again the volley of knocks came with stronger and more insistent force against the citadel.

"I'm not dressed yet," Susan managed to gasp, as she gave the fight up and struggled into her house dress.

"Al' right, jes' take yer time," soothed Mrs. Brannigan. "We was most sure ye'd be at home."

The exchange of salutations woke up Jackie and he began to whimper. Susan pacified him as she drew off his night clothes and as she put on others, she spoke.

"Promise mother not to mention cookies, Jackie. Mother has company down stairs, but she must save the cookies for daddy. Not a word now!"

"Jackie promises," he piped and began lacing his shoes; "anyway I had one already," he boasted to his mother slipping down the stairs.

"I jes' knew we'd have a nice visit, 'cause your man's away some time now, an' you must be right lonely on the prairie. Jim's got to drive to Eldora, so I jes' let the dishes an' all set, and come right over, 'long as he had to pass your door."

"Do sit down," suggested Susan, pushing forward the best chair. She wondered what the rest would do for there were only four chairs in the house. Two upstairs and two down.

"This poor little tyke of mine's hungry. We came a long ways ye know. Now ef ye jes' heat up a little milk fer her—"

Susan seized the milk pail and called back as she darted out the door. "Just a few moments," she called out glibly, "and I'll milk the cow."

She flew off to the barn for the wailing baby. When she returned she met a half dozen of the smaller Brannigan's darting off into the shade of the wagon. She wondered a little at their furtive movements, but gave no further thought to the matter, judging them intent upon a game. With a pang she thought about breakfast.

"Pancakes," she thought hopefully, "that will fill them up—if the flour holds out." Then when she entered and poured some of the milk into the bottle, for it was warm enough just from the udders, she pointed to the cupboard and asked the eldest Brannigan girl to place the dishes.

"We'll eat in relays—six at a time," she smiled into Mrs. Brannigan's face. "I have only a half dozen plates, cups and saucers in the whole house."

"Don't mind us," commented Mrs. Brannigan cheerfully; "we ain't used to style anyhow. "We had a small snack before we started, but we got up at four o'clock and the air's enough to give a stone an appetite."

Susan's arm was tired before she stopped filling the sizzling griddle



and the rows of open mouths. She had a working model of a pancake almost frying on her heated face where the bowl had splashed. She knew it was there when she caught the Brannigans snickering.

"Will ye quit yer gawkin' at Mrs. Thompson, now," their mother commanded, glaring at them, "an' fill yer stomicks?"

"I'm full," said Jimmie, resentfully.

"Me, too," agreed Matty.

"So soon?" sighed Susan. "Now Jackie get your bat and ball and have a game; but go far enough from the windows not to break them."

With the children out of earshot, she and the visitor finished their meal slowly. Susan drank a little tea; she was too exercised to eat. But Mrs. Brannigan seemed to be enjoying her visit immensely. The baby slept and she and the hostess had the little house in order by nine o'clock. Then a large bedspread took up their attention, as both worked cross-stitches upon it in florid colors. From time to time, a little string of Brannigans trooped through the front door and out again through the back. In spite of frequent counsel of the mother to stay outside, the sorties continued, and Susan could not help but think of the swoopings of hungry hawks, as their lean and sharp faces came in and dashed out again. Susan watched the heat-quivering string of a roadway with anxious eyes. If John would only come now, quickly with fresh supplies. The situation was fast becoming tragic, as she thought of her empty larder.

At noon they finished up the balance of the pancakes and all of the bread. In two meals they had eaten the supplies intended for a week. When supper came, Susan desperately dashed out to milk the cow and decided upon a huge rich pudding. After that, she would be helpless unless John came to the rescue. At the thought of him her eyes brightened and a smile broke through the gloom. Her John—absent six weeks. Surely that engineering project would be long remembered, for never had he left her before for so long an interval.

The rice pudding loomed upon the table and the hungry horde fell to with gusto. Even Mr. Brannigan came back in time to finish up the last of it. When they re-entered their wagon for the trip home, Susan's face was radiant. But the Brannigan's left with the feeling that their visit had given her the greatest pleasure of her life.

She was met at the door by Jackie, after she had turned and waved her hand gayly to the creaking wagon in the dusty distance.



"They ate up all of daddy's cookies!" he wailed, holding up the empty plate. "We can't surprise him now!"

Susan sank upon the porch step. So that was the reason why they were constantly trooping in the front door and out the back! She caught the sobbing boy and held him tight. "Never mind, daddy won't care. He'll have something nice for us instead," she comforted him.

Jackie brightened at the thought and helped to tidy up the yard and fields near by. Then when the dusk had fallen, he obediently sat down upon the smallest chair and began his patient vigil for his daddy. But the excitement of the day was too much for him and in three minutes his head had dropped and he slipped to the floor, asleep. Susan gathered him up, undressed him and tucked him into his little cot, and then returned downstairs. The clock struck eight, then nine. Outside the night fell heavily. Suddenly she raised her head. Then she darted forward for there came no tread of one man's feet but many. The gate slammed and through the window she could see the bulky outlines of figures between which stretched a long white shape. The porched floor creaked.

"Who's there?" Susan did not know her own voice. Creak, creak, creak, came the answer from the floor outside. Then a low rumble, but not the voice of her husband.

"It's me, Brannigan; open the door."

Susan complied with trembling fingers and then shrank back as the sagging length between Ma and Pa Brannigan was deposited gently upon the floor of the living room. White with fatigue and panting, Mrs. Brannigan looked toward her pityingly. Could it be John there, so quiet—senseless? Was he dead?"

"Wha—" she gasped, pointing toward the stretched figure, her eyes imploring Mrs. Brannigan.

"Now don't you worry, dearie, don't you worry. He's just knocked out wid the pain a bit. Me and pa's been pullin' him between us fer two miles and it ain't no picnic, the joltin' ain't wid a broken leg. A motor car knocked his little wagon to splints an' we met him on the way home tryin' to reach you by crawlin'. THINK of it, crawlin'! Maybe we wasn't glad we had been up to see you when we saw him. He had fainted, but we got him around. We'd a never met him, ef we hadn't come up to your place. It seems the hand of God, now don't it, honey? We told the kids to lie down and go to sleep in the wagon till

their pa and ma got back and not be skeered of nothing . They won't, neither. They're good sleepers. Now git the bed ready and I'll take his shoulders and pa, you his feet. Go easy now. When he wakes from this faint, he'll be glad he's home, you betcha! Highst now, highst!"

"Oh John," moaned Susan softly, as the capable strong hands of the man and woman swung him onto the bed, "does it hurt much?"

"Shure it hurts much. But don't worry; the doctor'll get here in the mornin' and set it. Brannigan'll ride all night till he gits him and bring him back right away," said the good Samaritan.

A faint groan stopped her voluble strain.

"Oh, my darling," sobbed the wife, flinging herself upon her knees beside the couch, "thank God you are home."

"And thank God the Brannigan's found me when they did. I was almost all in. Good old neighbors." He held his other hand out to them.

But Susan's guilty conscience pricked her remorsefully. She thought of her unwilling welcome to them—of her parsimony—the hidden cookies. Mrs. Brannigan smiled down upon them as she re-adjusted her hat.

"Now I must get along to my kiddies asleep on the prairie. Come along, Jim. Let's hustle back."

Susan's streaming eyes followed their disappearing figures.

"Oh John," she sobbed, turning back to him, "I was so selfish. I tried to save something for you, but now how can I ever thank them."

"Never mind," he said softly, "when he comes with the doctor we'll invite them back again, for a party, when I'm better."

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To occupy oneself with trifles weans from the habit of work more effectually than idleness. Bishop Spalding.

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People have no right to make fools of themselves unless they have no relations to blush for them.

---

Some men are like church-organs: you can play upon them for a lifetime and always find new melodies; others are like a music-box: they have but a few shallow tunes. Yet, God loves both.

## St. Louis, King of France

### THE LEADING CHARACTER OF A BRILLIANT AGE

A. H. CATTERLIN, C.Ss.R.

It is understood full well that a sweeping assertion is made when it is said that Louis IX is the leading character in an age so brilliant from an intellectual point of view, in an age that produced scholars of such mental prowess, that perhaps their equal will never be seen again on the face of this earth—men such as Thomas of Acquin, Albertus Magnus, Bonaventure of Bagnarea, Duns Scotus, Roger Bacon, Vincent of Beauvais, and Alexander of Hales.

And there lived at this time artists such as Giotto; poets as Dante; monarchs as St. Ferdinand of Spain, Alfonso the Wise—of Castile, Frederic II of Germany, Edward I, Rudolph of Hapsburg, and Robert Bruce.

In this assembly of brilliant characters there were saints of God who by their resplendent sanctity stand out brighter than all the rest: Francis of Assisi, Edmund of Canterbury, Clare and Elizabeth and the two great Saints we have already mentioned in St. Thomas of Acquin and St. Bonaventure.

And still I maintain that at this time there reigned on the throne of France a King, whose character has a greater claim to our love and esteem than all the rest. And why? Because from our human point of view we judge men by what they accomplished for their fellow men, as we are able to discern it, and we judge them according to their spirit of self-renunciation, by the difficulties that surrounded them and the temptations and obstacles they have overcome.

#### PATRON OF LEARNING

As a scholar it is not our intention even to attempt a comparison with any of those intellectual giants we have just mentioned, and yet in the cause of education he accomplished more than they. And the same may be said of music, art and architecture, although he is not classed as a musician, artist or architect. It was truly Louis IX that made the University of Paris the educational center of the world. It was Louis IX through his patronage of the arts and sciences, that drew to Paris the greatest professors of the day. Our Saint not only encouraged education in every possible way, but he also acted as the

patron of great auxiliary halls of learning which added to the prestige and enhanced the facilities of the University.

Among the most noteworthy of these schools was the famous Sorbonne, founded by Robert of Sorbon, a learned and pious priest, Chaplain and Confessor to our Patron, Louis IX. It was through the assistance of King Louis that Sorbon was able to proceed with the establishment of this renowned institution. Robert of Sorbon was a man of lowly birth but gifted with holiness and excellent judgment. He conceived the idea of a college where students and professors could be housed and boarded and prosecute their studies without incurring the obligations of the religious state. The equality of the Sorbonists has passed into a proverb. The Senior members looked after the aesthetics, also the rules and traditions of the House, while its temporalities were managed by the Juniors. The well-to-do paid into the common fund exactly the sum spent by the Bursars. The standard of study was high and the Sorbon acquired very early in its history a European celebrity for the solution of cases of conscience.

Let me say here that Robert of Sorbon was not the only one of lowly birth, who as a member of the household of Louis attained to high rank in the aristocracy of learning by sheer intellectual ability. Let me here mention Guy Foucaud, who first served his King as a common soldier, then as an officer of his army, and lastly as private secretary. This clearly shows us how ready this Holy King was to recognize the abilities of any one whether he was of lowly birth or of high degree; both his director of conscience and his private secretary were men from the common people of his kingdom. It is just such proofs as this of absolute fairness and perfect justice that cause us to say Louis IX deserves our unqualified esteem. And we learn how greatly was his fairness and justice rewarded in advancing these lowly but gifted men. The school that Louis enabled Robert of Sorbon to establish became one of the most famous schools of all times. And Guy Foucaud, the poor obscure soldier boy, whom Louis made first an officer of his army and then private secretary, one day became the Pope of Rome under the name of Clement IV. This humble man, Guy Foucaud, imbibed his King's great love for the monastic life, and begged his Royal Master to permit him to enter the hermitage of The Carthusians, but Louis would not listen.

"My good Foucaud," said Louis, "I appreciate your longing for

the quiet of the cloister, so conducive to communion with God, but, my friend, God wills otherwise. Your discernment of character, your clear practical judgment, together with the years of training you have had in my court befit you for an active life in the service of the good God. Become a priest, receive Holy Orders if you will, but let it be in the secular priesthood." And as the years passed, this humble man of the people proved the wisdom of the King's advice. Rapidly, Guy Foucaud, mounted the ladder of success in the service of the Church. He rose from Priest to Bishop, to Archbishop and Cardinal, and was finally raised to the Papacy under the name of Clement IV. After Guy Foucaud had been made ruler of the entire Church, he wrote to his former King from the Vatican, to tell Louis of his promotion to the Chair of Peter. "Once it was fitting," he wrote, "to call you master," then you graciously permitted me to call you by the dear title of friend, and now as Father of Christendom, I may address you by the sweet name of son, the only one indeed, which can rightly express the strong tenderness of my feelings for you."

#### PATRON OF BOOKS

Again we say that he was the leading character of his age, because owing to his patronage and to his assistance, the number of students attending the University of Paris reached during his lifetime to more than thirty thousand. A great factor in drawing so many students to the University, and in attracting so many great professors, was the great care St. Louis took in procuring books. Books at that time were very scarce and very expensive, for printing had not yet been invented. The King not only threw open his priceless library to the students, but also sent his agents to every monastery in his realm to secure copies of all their books and manuscripts. Louis would never accept the originals as a gift. He preferred to have copies made of them at his own expense, in order to increase the number of books, and to give wider circulation to knowledge.

This was an immense help to the cause of education. We read that the college attached to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, had only fifty volumes for the use of its own students. We read also that there were many poor students who flocked to Paris, "athirst for knowledge and ahunger for bread," so poor indeed, that it is related of three young men that they had but one gown between them which they wore in turn at the lectures, studying in bed between times. To such as

these it was a real Godsend to have free access not only to the royal library at the Louvre, but also to the library at the Saint Chappelle, where the holy King was often to be seen, offering not only advice and encouragement, but also very substantial, generous alms to the poor and needy students.

The most important library of Paris was that of the Saint Chappelle. It was founded by St. Louis, and was continually enriched by him by the deposit of the archives of the nation. Many precious volumes sent to Louis from distant countries found their way to this library. By his efforts he made it one of the best libraries of Europe.

We style Louis IX, the leader of his age because he actually led, through his power of sovereign, the great men of his day to accomplish the crowning works of their lives.

Quickly he discerned the greatest minds of the University, and quickly he drew them to himself in bonds of friendship—such men as St. Thomas of Acquin, St. Bonaventure and Vincent of Beauvais.

One of the greatest things St. Louis did for the advancement of education was to enable Vincent of Beauvais to produce the first encyclopedia. It was a gigantic work. And had it not been for the assistance Louis afforded the author, it would have been utterly impossible for Vincent of Beauvais to complete it. His encyclopedia is considered one of the greatest literary works of the middle ages. The method of collecting material is interesting. It shows the method employed then is practically the same as today. Vincent of Beauvais made use of a whole army of assistants for his far-reaching investigations. Most of these assistants were monks like himself from the Dominican Order. The costliness of this system would have made the work absolutely prohibitive had it not been for the generosity of the King. Louis gladly defrayed all the expense of the compilation. In the prefatorial letter of the encyclopedia, Vincent of Beauvais openly acknowledges the encouragement and generosity of the King. This encyclopedia was, indeed, a precious store of medieval knowledge, which proved a mine of information for many subsequent generations.

That St. Louis entertained an ardent and devoted friendship for St. Thomas of Acquin and for St. Bonaventure is the report of every historian.

It would not be well to pass over in silence these great geniuses of the thirteenth century, these men who loved our glorious patron so well

## THE ANGEL OF THE SCHOOLS

In his early youth, Thomas of Acquin was not considered a brilliant scholar, and seems to have been the butt of many a joke by his fellow students. They are said to have called him stupid, and sometimes even to call him the "dumb ox of Sicily," owing to his bulky form.

The Dominicans, however, realized the ability of their young scholastic. He was sent to Paris, to be trained at the University under their greatest teacher, Albertus Magnus. Neither was this famous educator deceived in the ability of Thomas. According to tradition, he is related to have said to the students: "You call him the dumb ox of Sicily. Well, some day the bellowing of this 'Ox' will be heard round the world."

And today those who know St. Thomas best, and have spent their lives in the study of his works, agree fully with the great praise with which his biographers surround his name.

A recent writer speaking of St. Thomas' Philosophical Treatises writes as follows: "It is an historical monument of the first importance for the History of Philosophy. In the variety of the contents it is a perfect assembling of the learning of the day. By it we can fix the high-water mark of the thought of his age. It contains the lectures of a professor second to none in the great school of thought then flourishing—the University of Paris.

And of his theological works Archbishop Vaughan thus speaks: "The *Summa Theologica* is a mighty synthesis, thrown into technical and scientific form, of the Catholic Traditions of the East and of the West, of the infallible dicta of the Sacred Page, and of the most enlightened conclusions of human reason, gathered from the soaring intuitions of the Academy and the rigid severity of the Lyceum.

"St. Thomas was endowed with the characteristic qualities of the three great Fathers of Greek Philosophy; he possessed the intellectual honesty and precision of Socrates, the analytical keenness of Aristotle, and that yearning after wisdom and light which was the distinguishing mark of Plato the Divine, and which has ever been the essential of the highest intuitions of religion."

A noted lecturer has stated that it was the very greatness of Thomas of Acquin, and the group of contemporaries who were so close to him that produced an unfortunate effect upon subsequent thinking and teaching in Europe. These men were so surpassing in their grasp of



the whole round of human thought, that their works came to be worshipped more or less as fetishes, and men did not think for themselves, but appealed to them as authorities. It is a great but unfortunate tribute to the scholars of this age, that subsequent generations for many hundreds of years not only did not think that they could improve on them, but even believed that they could not equal them. Turner, in his *History of Philosophy*, has pointed out this fact clearly, and has attributed to it, to a great extent, the decadence of scholastic philosophy.

From the pen of the noted Benedictine, Archbishop Roger Bede Vaughan, come words of the deepest praise and admiration: "It has been shown abundantly that no writer before the day of Thomas of Acquin could have created a synthesis of all knowledge. As for the scholastics who immediately preceded Thomas, their minds were not ripe for so great and complete a work; the fullness of time had not yet come. Very likely if Albert the Great and Alexander of Hales had not preceded Thomas, he would not have been prepared to write his master work; just as, most probably, Newton would not have discovered the laws of gravitation, had it not been for the efforts of Galileo and Kepler. But just as the English astronomer stands alone in his greatness, though surrounded and succeeded by men of extraordinary eminence, so also, Thomas of Acquin stands by himself alone, although Albertus Magnus was a genius, Alexander of Hales was a theological king, and Bonaventure a seraphic doctor. Just as Dante stands alone among the poets, so stands St. Thomas in the schools."

One of the most remarkable things in the life of St. Thomas was his capacity for work. The closely written pages of his books fill many a ponderous volume, and this alone would seem sufficient to occupy a lifetime without any more. But his written works represent only the products of his leisure hours. In spite of the heavy work he was obliged to do as a professor, his Order was constantly assigning work to him relative to its internal government. Truly his life was a busy and an arduous one; and he is a fair type of the monk of his day.

#### THE SERAPHIC DOCTOR

And now we come to another dear friend of St. Louis, as holy as he was learned, as humble as he was great, one dearly loved by King Louis and the great Thomas of Acquin, and who fully returned their friendship. I speak of the Seraphic Doctor of the Church, St.



Bonaventure. Let us first take a swift glance at his childhood. It is so beautiful, so heavenly, so close to God.

In the year 1225, at Bagnarea, a town of Tuscany, a little child lay sick unto death. All that medicine could do had been done, but all in vain, and the utmost efforts of affectionate care seemed powerless to stem the tide of that little life that was ebbing fast. But not far from his home lived Francis of Assisi, the friend of God, whose miracles and virtues were renowned throughout the world, and the mother of this sick boy, when all hope had fled, turned in her sorrow to Heaven, and sought the prayers and help of St. Francis. Grief never failed to touch his tender heart. St. Francis prayed, and the child was cured, and became so strong that until his death he never knew what sickness was.

The lad's name was John Fidenza. He was the son of truly Christian parents, who put every virtue into practice. To show their gratitude to God for the miraculous cure of their son, they vowed that if God so willed it, he should be given to the Order of St. Francis.

Sometime after this miraculous cure, St. Francis came to Bagnarea and visited the family of the child whom his prayers had saved from death. At that time Francis, the great saint and Patriarch of the poor was nearing the end of his life. From the hour that the Sacred Stigmata, or Five wounds of Our Savior had been miraculously imprinted on his hands and feet and side, his heart had burned with such an intense fire of divine love, that it threatened to burst the bonds of a body already enfeebled by penance. He would cry out in these transports of love, "O love why hast thou thus wounded me? My heart is breaking! It finds no home on earth, it cannot escape because it is in chains. It longs to take flight, for my heart seems as though it were in the midst of a fiery furnace. It is consumed with the love of God! I suffer a torment that I cannot express; it cannot be imagined. My heart is consumed. I die of burning love for my God!"

Thus death approached this holy man to whom love had given a mortal wound. But God would not permit him to mount to heaven in this chariot of fire without leaving one on earth on whom his spirit might rest, to console and cheer the souls whom the Saint had left behind exposed to the unholy atmosphere and influence of earthly things. "Oh, if I could only find a soul that could understand me!" he had often exclaimed, and his prayer had not remained unheard;

for he did not leave this world until he had pressed to his heart such a character that he had prayed for, one who would reveal to future generations the deepest secrets of celestial love.

When Francis came to the home of Fidenza and looked on the child his prayers had cured, the soul of the great Francis thrilled with inexpressible joy at the angelic expression that illumined the countenance of the boy. At the sight of him the Spirit of the Lord revealed to the mind of St. Francis the secrets of the future, and like another Zacharias, he predicted the great future of this other John. On beholding the boy, St. Francis exclaimed, "O Buona Ventura!" "Oh, happy meeting." The saint rejoiced because he found the soul for which he had prayed and sought for so long. From then on the Saint insisted that the boy's name be changed from John to Bonaventure. A few months later the Saint passed away, his lips murmuring to the last a canticle of love.

In the seraphic Bonaventure we see verified all the predictions of St. Francis. As he advanced in years, and youth gave way to mature manhood, we see this man of God more and more closely manifesting the spirit of Francis of Assisi.

(To Be Continued)

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### THE FRAGRANCE OF VIRTUE

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"Many years ago," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, as quoted by the *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee, "in walking around the graves of Mount Auburn, I came upon a plain white marble slab, which bore an epitaph of only four words, but to my mind they meant more than any of the labored inscriptions on other monuments: 'She was so pleasant.' That one note reveals the music of a life of which I knew nothing more."

There have been prouder obituaries for greater persons, but for the average man or woman in the ordinary walks of life, there can be no happier memory.

Pleasantness is the flavor of true goodness. As the fragrance is to the flower, so is pleasantness to virtue. If we can give to our virtue and to our devotion to duty that cheerfulness that the service of God demands and the peace of God must produce, we will no doubt allure many more to goodness.

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Pleasure soon exhausts us and itself also; but endeavor never does.

## From a Priest's Diary

C. J. WARREN, C.Ss.R.

We were conducting a mission in a town of Ohio. The morning of the second day found the children assembled for their little instruction. I had not been talking long when I noticed a gentleman enter the church, and without genuflecting, take a seat in the back row. He remained there, and seemed to be listening closely to all that was said. When the children were dismissed, I walked down the aisle, and bidding the gentleman "good morning," asked him if he wished to see anyone in particular.

"Why, yes," he replied, "I would like to talk to one of the missionaries."

"Very well," I said, "come over to the priest's house; I am at leisure now." We entered the rectory and sat down in the parlor.

"You may think it strange," he began, "that I should call to see a priest for I am not a Catholic. But you will understand when I tell you just how I happened to come. Not long since I returned from Cuba. In an engagement on San Juan Hill I was wounded (it was during the Spanish-American War) and brought to a hospital. Catholic Sisters were in charge of the sick and wounded, and when I recall their unwearied attention, motherly solicitude and efficient nursing, I can think of no better appellation to designate these wonderful women than 'ministering angels.' To see them move about from patient to patient in such a calm and cheerful manner was in itself a tonic for depressed spirits and a sedative for troublesome nerves.

"Well, the day came when I was to leave the hospital. As soon as I had packed my few belongings in my suitcase I said good bye to the Sister who had taken care of me. 'I hope the time will come, Sister,' I remarked, 'when I can show some appreciation of your kindness.' 'Say a little prayer for me,' she said smiling. 'Do you ever pray?' 'Not very much, Sister; in fact I should say, not at all.' 'Too bad, too bad! Don't wait too long before you begin. Do you mind if I make a little suggestion?' 'Why no, go ahead.' This is what she said: 'As soon as you reach home go to some Catholic Church, and have a heart-to-heart talk with the dear Lord. Tell Him, for instance, you are grateful for your recovery; tell Him you are sorry for any offense

you have given Him; ask Him to protect you from all danger to body and soul; and then, the most important of all, beg Him for light to see the truth and for courage to follow it.' 'I'll do that, Sister; now good bye and may the Lord reward you as you deserve.'

"When I reached home and began to feel rested, I thought of my promise to the good Sister. I soon found out where the church was and came here for my visit yesterday morning. Arriving a little late for the services I slipped into a place in the rear and sat down. You may imagine how I felt coming into a strange church among people I did not know. But little by little I began to feel at ease as no one seemed to be startled by my coming. I was deeply impressed by the quiet and reverence that seemed to pervade the church. The service, of course, I did not understand, but I enjoyed the discourse that one of the missionaries delivered. If I am not mistaken, he said, while pointing to a large black cross, this will remind you that something out of the ordinary is taking place during these days. Divine Providence has sent you a mission. Now a mission is a time for special grace for all the members of a parish. The Lord is knocking at the doors of your hearts. The Good Shepherd has come to gather the sheep.

"Your memory serves you well," I remarked.

"Pretty well," he answered; "I tried to recall what I could when I went home."

"Do you remember what he said about the black cross you mentioned?"

"Let me see. I think I do. Wasn't it something like this? The soul in sin is black and hideous in God's sight but by the merits of Christ's death on the cross it is cleansed of all defilement."

"Very good, very good. Now you started to tell me why you came this morning."

"Yes, I returned to the services last night and I must admit, what I saw and heard set me thinking seriously. I began to realize that I, too, have a soul to save as well as the next man. You see my folks were rather indifferent about religion though they were very good to me. I lay awake last night thinking of my experience in the hospital, of what that good Sister had said, and of the sermons I heard yesterday. Before I fell asleep I had made up my mind to come here today and interview one of the missionaries."

"Well," I remarked, "you have had quite an interesting experience. God's ways are wonderful. He uses at times the most unexpected occurrences as instruments to accomplish His designs. I knew a boy who happened to see a pocket crucifix in the hands of a clerical student. What a privilege to be able to carry a crucifix, thought the lad; I'd like that very much. Not long after he decided to study for the priesthood. Opposition, however, threatened to interfere seriously with his plans. He went to the shrine of Our Lady of Perpetual Help and prayed earnestly for assistance. The difficulties were removed. He began his studies and in due time was raised to the holy priesthood."

"Well now, my good man, I shall be glad to give you any assistance I can. Come every day and we shall talk over the teachings of the Catholic Church. In the meantime read these little prayers (I gave him a prayer book). If after gaining a knowledge of the truths of our holy faith and the obligations it imposes you feel convinced, it will be incumbent on you to enter the Church, but, of course, this must be of your own free volition. No one can force you." He appeared very grateful and taking a catechism and some books of instructions he went home. The following day I began to wonder if he would come back; when to my great pleasure he appeared and displayed greater eagerness to proceed with the instructions. Being an intellectual man he soon had a fair knowledge of the fundamental truths of our holy faith. When the course of instruction was finished, he asked to be received into the Church. As soon as the ceremonies of reception was over I congratulated him on his good fortune.

"You are happy now," I said, "and it is no more than right that you should share your happiness with the one whom Divine Providence employed to bring you to the knowledge of the truth. Write a letter to the good Sister you told me about, and narrate all the circumstances leading up to the great favor that God has given you today."

The following incident is worthy of note and will serve to show what a practical grasp my convert had of at least one particular truth of our holy religion. By way of introduction on the talk on Catholic teaching and practice respecting the Blessed Mother of God, I said: "This is a subject that finds little favor with many non-Catholics. They charge the Romans, as they call us, with idolatry and exaggerated devotion; they even say we insult God by the excessive attention we pay to a mere human being. To a great extent their opposition arises

from a mistaken notion of what the Catholic Church teaches. We do not adore the Mother of God. Adoration or supreme worship belongs only to God. The Blessed Virgin Mary is the Mother of Christ and as Christ is God, so the Blessed Virgin is the Mother of God. The Second Person of the Adorable Trinity, God the Son, equal to God the Father and God the Holy Ghost, came into the world and took human nature from the humble virgin of Nazareth 'our tainted nature's solitary boast.' He was born. He lived and died as Jesus Christ, the God Man, the Redeemer of the souls of men. We adore Christ but we do not adore His holy Mother. We venerate her, we praise her, we love her as the best of all God's creatures. No one would ever say that it is an insult to an artist to praise his masterpiece. But the Blessed Virgin is a masterpiece of God's wisdom, power and love. Moreover, we have unbounded confidence in the Blessed Mother because her petitions to God are the requests of a mother to her Son."

"Pardon me for interrupting you, Father, but what you just said recalls an incident from my own life. I think it is quite apropos. Before coming to this country I was an officer in a European army. On one occasion a certain private was to be court-martialed for breach of discipline. I was detailed to preside. Hearing of this fact, some of the soldiers came to me to intercede for their comrade. They had very little to allege in the way of excuse but they simply didn't want him put in the guard house. Of course, I refused to consider their request and they went away quite disappointed. An hour or so after, I received an unexpected visit from my mother. Surprised to see her come to my office at such an hour, I said: "Good evening, mother; what's up?"

"My boy," she replied, "I am on a strange errand. About an hour or so ago, some soldier boys came to me, and pleaded with me to do something for them. They said they had been here to ask a favor but you felt you could not grant it. When they left you they talked things over among themselves and decided to come to me. And so they came, and what could I do? I just had to tell them I would come and see you."

"But, mother," I said, "you don't realize the situation."

"Perhaps I don't," she replied, "but I want you to do what you can, if not for them, at least for me."

"Well, mother, since you put it that way, I'll do my level best." The result was the culprit did not go to the guard house."

"Now, isn't your practice of invoking the help of Christ's Mother based on the same principle? I happened to have a little authority at the time. They knew evidently my mother's influence over me, so they went to her. No doubt Christ has a great regard for His Mother and He will readily grant her requests."

"That's a very practical illustration, my dear man, and it fits the case beautifully. We know that Our Lord loves His holy Mother, and we know also she is a spiritual mother to us, the brothers of Christ, as adopted children of His heavenly Father. May the Lord give you great confidence in this Mother of Perpetual Help. She will assist you in all your spiritual need and be solicitous for your well-being in life and in death."

At the urgent request of my new friend I called one day to see him at home. He showed me, among other precious keepsakes, a cross of the Legion of Honor which he had received from the French Government for befriending an officer in great distress. He also had a beautiful sword etched with the escutcheon of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts—a prize he had received as mounted swordsman. The last I heard of my friend, he had given up military life and had begun the practice of medicine.

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Life is a burden, bear it;

Life is a duty, dare it;

Life is a thorn-crown; wear it.

Though it break your heart in twain,

Though the burden crush you down,

Close your lips and hide the pain,

First the Cross—and then the Crown.

—*Father Ryan.*

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He who strives unwearingly to make himself more knowing, more loving and more helpful, becomes conscious of ever-increasing inner strength and joy.

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Soldier of Christ, be invincible like the martyrs, and remember that a man without courage must always be without glory. Bl. Henry Suso.



## Singing in the Kitchen

M. J. HUBER, C.Ss.R.

The hired girl in Masterson's yard halted her broom in one of its sweeping flourishes across the walk and listened. From the Grayson kitchen in the house next door came floating a clattering symphony of breakfast dishes being rattled in a pan. The hired girl in Masterson's yard drew the broom lingeringly across the walk, once, twice—then she listened again. A stream of melody twined itself in and out among the strains of the breakfast dish symphony, a melody that was anything but mellow. The voice that furnished it might have had possibilities once, but that was long ago. Now it sounded more like the imperfect and unsteady sighing of an old and wind-broken melodeon that was missing all its keys except the flats. And yet there was something strangely pathetic about the voice, and its owner seemed to derive a deal of comfortable soothing consolation from her singing, somewhat after the fashion of the owner of an old melodeon, who sits enraptured and finds relief from the cares upon him in merely pressing his fingers upon the time-worn ivory keys.

The hired girl in the yard sent her broom flit-flitting along the walk again. "Monica's tuning up again," she offered. "Late with the breakfast dishes . . . would make me mad . . . but Monica takes to singing." She gave a final flit at some imaginary stubbornly resisting dust flakes and turned to the house. "Well, if it gives her any comfort, then long life to her voice. Lord knows, we all want to be happy."

With that uncanny sixth sense that makes hired girls unusually successful in divining what is going on behind the walls of other people's homes by the sounds that filter out into the open, the Masterson's hired girl had guessed correctly. Monica needed comfort, and consolation, the kind she was trying to draw from her labored singing.

Monica always rattled the dishes when her emotions were in an unsettled condition. Or sometimes she would jerk the vacuum cleaner around on its daily jaunt with undue vigor and abruptness; or she would thump the piano keys with discordant poundings of the old yellow dust rag. It depended upon the time of the day and the nature of her task. But always she sang; sang with that old melodeon-like lilt in her voice,



that gradually calmed her and soothed her. Then the dishes would dive in and out of the suds without the least clink of a rattle, the vacuum cleaner would roll quietly through the green flower garden of a carpet, and the yellow dust rag would glide noiselessly along the keyboard. And even the singing would grow softer, drop to a humming and then die out altogether, until the melody was naught but a memory. But the serene light of a soul at rest would be shining from her face.

For eighteen slowly moving years Monica had been the Graysons' hired girl. She was a bright young thing, just a slip of a girl, when she had come. She had changed as the years had passed her by. Long standing over the cook-stove and eager gazing and squinting into the depths of the oven had baked her face a deep brick red. Her hands, once white and pink, but now rough and red and cracked, would have been the despair and horror of all the combined army of professional manicurists. But it was the hot dish water and the boiling water in the wash-tubs that had been so unkind to her knuckles; and it was an accidental slip against the hot iron now and then that had left the marks of large blisters on her fingers. And the cleaning, and the scrubbing, and the dyeing, and the preserve-making, had robbed her fingernails of any hope of ever showing pink again.

And now after eighteen years Monica was tired of it all.

Many times before, in the long years that had gone, she had been weighed down by weariness. Sometimes a heavy wave of heart-wringing loneliness had tossed her helplessly about like some forlorn ship on the wide sea of an uncharitable world. At those times she always thought that she could be really happy and contented if she had someone to love, someone to call her own. She wanted affection and got little of it.

The Grayson children were her darlings. Surely. But to the children, Monica was a darling only when cakes were browning in a pan, or when a bruised finger wanted nursing or a torn garment needed mending. But when all things were well with the Grayson children, then Monica was . . . the hired girl.

It was not only when the jelly refused to jell or when someone rushed through the kitchen with heavy pounding steps and the cake fell that Monica's feelings clamored for expression. No, it was rather when this great big emptiness in her heart made her feel so overwhelmingly lonely that she took to rattling the dishes and jerking the vacuum

cleaner around and thumping the piano keys. It was then, above all, that she was urged to satisfy that clamoring with a burst of melody, a volume of unrestrained song, that always was so soothing, so comforting.

And so the years had gone until now; and Monica, cooking, washing, sewing, and singing in the kitchen, had grown older . . . alone!

## II.

Mrs. Grayson came into the kitchen from the sun parlor where she had been reading the morning paper in leisure.

"Monica, I suppose you will be able to find time to help the dress-maker with Rosemary's wedding dress. Will you?" She arched her eyebrows in expectation of a favorable answer.

"Oh, yes, ma'am! I will. I'll find the time."

With a nod, Mrs. Grayson turned to go, and Monica plunged her hands into the dishwater again.

"Wedding dress. Wedding dress." Monica repeated the words slowly. She allowed her hands to sag limply into the fast cooling water as the mood of reflection carried her away. How quickly the children had grown! First it was George who had gone to California with his bride; last year it was Carlotta; and now—Rosemary. All of them at least ten years younger than she! They had grown up and passed her by; and now they were gone and she was left behind alone. She pressed her lips together tightly as she realized the importance of her discovery to her. That was it! That was why she felt so tired of it all. It was because she would be alone. All alone at last.

It was not only when the Grayson children had gone away that Monica had said: "Well, who will be next? Another one gone. Who will be next?" It was also when the neighbors' sons and daughters were married that she had said: "Well, who will be next?" At least she was pretty certain that it would not be for her to go. And yet—there had always been in the back of her head some faint shadow of a thought, and in her heart there had always been the least little flutter of hope that she might. . . .

Here she was now—the last of them all. But she was only the hired girl, with the cracked hands and brick-red face; and those who had gone were the attractive and cultured sons and daughters of gentle folk. Was she young, or was she old? Only thirty-four. . . .

She had often dreamed of a little white cottage under the trees, with pretty green vines climbing all around the sides, with a little garden near, and a white gravel walk in front that led down to the gate where of an evening she could wait for him . . . him . . . Ah! who would it be? And Monica, unknown to those around her, would begin to wonder. Who would it be? Then she would confess to herself: "There is no one."

And the little white cottage would become the kitchen again, the place of pots and pans and loneliness, where she was doomed to cook and bake and sew her way through life . . . for money!

### III.

But, Monica! Why so blind? Why so blind? There was some one. There was some one, Monica.

To the people whom he supplied with compact and neatly angular cubes of ice, he was known as Dennis; and Dennis, they all agreed, was a competent iceman. But Dennis was bashful; and not only bashful, but very polite and obliging; which is not at all according to the specifications laid down for the regulation iceman.

Especially was he a respecter of clean kitchen floors. Rather than dot the immaculate expanse of linoleum with islands of mud and dirt and grit, he would allow the deluge of chilling water, descending from the cake of ice melting on his shoulder, to drench his blue shirt, while he scraped his shoes clean outside.

All this, and many other things, too, improved his standing with Monica as an iceman. She knew he was steady, dependable and good-natured to excess.

He had helped her to move the icebox one morning and had bruised one of his fingers. He protested, as men will do, that it was nothing; but Monica insisted on dressing the bruise with her home-made salve, and draping an enormous bandage around his hand. But after he had left the kitchen and was perched again on the driver's seat of his ice-chariot, he cast a tender, lingering glance back to the Grayson kitchen, lifted the bandaged hand slowly to his lips and kissed it reverently. He sighed ponderously. Then as if ashamed of this display of emotion he tchicked to his horses and drove off down the alley at a pace that sent the great blocks of ice inside the wagon careening wildly from side to side. And one good old lady who saw him go flying away, said in a shocked tone: "My, Dennis must have been drinking!"

But Monica did not know this. Nor did she know that the apple-tart, which she had given him one time to taste, had remained uneaten and found a permanent resting place on the dresser in Dennis' bedroom, where it still reposed in splendor, a living testimony of Monica's culinary skill; nor that the apple she had offered him one morning had spent several days on the dresser beside the tart before Dennis could bring himself to bite into it and eat it. It reminded him so much of Monica.

But how should Monica have known it all. When Dennis would come with the ice, he announced himself:

"Iceman!"

And when Monica would appear, "Good morning, Monica."

"Good morning, Dennis."

Monica would stand quietly while the cake of ice was stowed safely away in the ice-chest. Then Dennis, clutching the ice-tongs tightly, would formulate:

"Wonderful weather, Monica."

"Yes, Dennis, wonderful."

And then Dennis would make a blundering attempt to say more. He would open his mouth unsuccessfully a few times, close it tightly, stalk toward the door and go out. From the porch would float back:

"Good morning, Monica!"

And Monica would answer: "Good morning, Dennis." Then she would wonder what his lips were trying to say.

One day someone told her that Dennis was a bachelor and that he lived all by himself. Then it was that she wondered for a while whether he, too, ever felt lonely and dreamed about a little white cottage with green vines all around, and whether he, too, sought soothing consolation in singing in that big bass voice of his with which he announced "Ice!" to the neighborhood.

And time went on. Dennis was as bashful and he could not find the words that would tell Monica how he felt about it all, and, therefore, Monica never knew. As a result she thought of Dennis only as a very gentle and amiable iceman. Monica, it seemed, was to go on alone, cooking, cleaning, and singing her way into the grave. And Dennis was to go riding along in his ice-cart, on a road that lay far from here.

One morning Monica was working on a part of Rosemary's wed-

ding dress when Dennis announced, "Iceman!" She held up the bit of finery before his uncomprehending eyes and asked:

"Do you like it, Dennis?"

"What is it?" he asked sheepishly.

"Rosemary's wedding dress."

"Oh!" Dennis gulped and clutched his ice-tongs more tightly. A bright smile suddenly made his face happy. "Do you like weddings, Monica?" And before Monica could answer he had fled. She looked after him in amazement.

A week later—it was on a morning in June—Dennis again favored Monica with an added bit of talk. It was pleasantly warm outside. A mild, sweet-scented breeze that rippled softly against the yielding foliage of the trees found its way into Monica's kitchen, past the bright fluttering curtains at the window, and with its cool fingers caressed Monica's heated face as she stood at the stove, stirring something that was boiling in a kettle.

Dennis said: "Monica. . . ." His lips kept on moving and he looked hard at the catch on the door of the ice-chest as he struggled with it; but "Monica" was all he said.

"Yes?"

Well, he had to go on now.

"Monica, I . . . well, would you give some advice?" Then as usual, without waiting for an answer he continued: "It's this way. There's a young lady lives near here, Monica, and, I, well, I would be glad if I should be able to get to know her better. And, Monica, I wouldn't be at all surprised if some day I should want to marry her." He finished boldly.

"Well, did you ever say anything about it to the lady, Dennis?"

He scratched his ear. "Well, no. Not like that. I never told her in words. But I hinted some and I often wanted to tell her and ask her if she could like me—but somehow I never could get right down to it."

"Poor Dennis!" thought Monica. "This mustn't be." She made up her mind in an instant. Here was need for strong advice. "Look here, Dennis." She pointed the big spoon at him. "Let us suppose her name was Mary. If I were you and I thought that Mary liked me even just a little bit, I would go get me a ring and go to Mary, take her hand, slip the ring on her finger and say: 'Mary, we're en-

gaged.' Just like that. And then if she wants you, she'll keep the ring and if she doesn't, you'll have your ring back soon enough. There!"

Dennis stood quietly for a minute, dumbfounded at the mere thought of such boldness. Slowly, he turned toward the door, while Monica stirred the kettle wildly, hoping against the impossible, that poor, bashful Dennis would take her advice—and win. She wondered who the young lady might be. "He will never do it," she concluded pityingly.

Outside the door, Dennis paused. He closed his eyes and thought calmly. With a great clatter his ice-tongs dropped to the floor. He smacked one enormous hand resoundingly against the other. Then he fumbled excitedly with a thin band of gold on his little finger, walked solemnly and slowly back into the kitchen and over to the stove where Monica stood.

"Monica!" It was all he said as he took her hand and slipped the ring on her finger. His head was bowed. "Monica, we're engaged. And if you think you can like me, Monica, you'll keep the ring; and if you don't want me, you can give me my ring back soon enough. You told me to say this, Monica. And tonight, if you are willing, Monica, there'll be a diamond on your hand."

Monica was dazed. Then, like the sensible woman that she was, she understood. At first she was tempted to laugh at the oddness of it all. Dennis! That it was she whom Dennis loved; that it was she herself who had told Dennis to do this! It was almost funny. But then there came to her the thought of how much this meant to Dennis; how much it meant to her. She stood so, quietly, thinking. No more to be alone! To have someone to love. To bake, to sew, to cook, and sew and work—for something other than money. Swiftly she thought of the little white cottage with the white walk in front that led down to the gate where of an evening she could wait for him—for Dennis, riding home to her in the dusk. Why, there was someone! There was someone, Monica! There had been someone all along.

"Oh, Dennis," she said slowly, "I was blind. I was. And, Dennis, you can come again tonight—with the diamond."

A broad smile of happiness flashed from Dennis' face. He stretched out his arms boldly. "Oh, Monica. . . ." The rest was unintelligible.

#### IV.

The next morning Monica wasted twenty minutes of her precious

time, sitting idly in the kitchen and letting the sparkling glint of a tiny diamond dazzle eyes. Then she removed the ring reluctantly from her finger, put it carefully into the open cushioned box before her on the shelf, and began to wash the dishes.

The hired girl in Masterson's yard next door halted her broom in one of its sweeping flourishes across the walk and listened. Across the lawn came floating a clattering symphony of breakfast dishes being rattled in a pan, and above it all rose the sound of a voice pouring a stream of melody that sounded peculiarly like the playing of an old melodeon. There was a new spirit in the song—a spirit of hopes fulfilled.

"Monica's late with the breakfast dishes," the hired girl in Masterson's yard offered, as she sent her broom along the walk, "and singing in the kitchen. Well, if it gives her any comfort, then long life to her voice! Lord knows, we all want to be happy!"

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### Mother!

Dear Mary, thou hast oft been called a Rose  
By men who dwelt upon thy beauty bright;  
And they have named thee Lily—pure and white—  
The only lily-heart that mankind knows.  
Or when the storm of evil round them blows  
Men call thee Star—a guiding-star alight  
That beckons them to safety in the night—  
And for each name my heart's love fonder grows.

But Mary—though thy other names are dear  
To me—I'll call thee only by the one  
That binds thee to my struggling heart so near.  
Of titles, though so many, thou hast none  
More full than this: Oh, surely thou wilt hear  
When I will cry out "Mother!"—I, thy son.

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Indiscriminate charity may not be wise, but St. Benedict left this rule: "First give to the needy and relieve the poor; then, if need be, question them."

There are many dirty roads in life; but if you use your judgment you may always be able to find a clean crossing.—Nasmyth.

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It is easy to be reckless and call it faith, but prudence and reasonable common sense are attributes of the Christian no less than trust in God.






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## Archconfraternity

# OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

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## Our Mother of Perpetual Help

### KEEP US FROM STAIN OF SIN

"Her hands are a healthful binding." The devout Pelbart says that devotion to Mary is a chain of predestination. Let us beseech our sovereign Lady to bind us always more closely by the chains of love to confidence in her protection. O clement, O pious, O sweet Virgin Mary! (Visit III to the Blessed Virgin.)

When we read the life of St. Alphonsus, that great servant of God, and are informed that during the course of those ninety years on earth he had never so much as committed a single deliberate sin, we are apt to wonder how this was possible; we are also apt to say to ourselves that such an innocent life is not possible—excepting with a special preventing grace. And we comfortably say, too: "I have not received such a grace; hence I need not look for such perfection of life."

Yet, such a life is possible for all of us. St. Alphonsus was just as much a human being as we. He had the same troubles and temptations that we are subject to. And yet, see what he accomplished for the glory of God by his saintly life; and what a great glory he must have given to this same God by his example!

Why, then, was he so highly privileged? Because he prayed much; because he was such a devoted child of Our Blessed Mother. Scarcely a page in all his numerous writings, but what there is an abundance of proof of his love for Mary. Hardly a paragraph but what he makes mention of her name, invokes her, praises her. And the prayers he breathes, those he composes as he goes from page to page and line to line, even, are those of a child calling to its mother for a special protection. Such childlike confidence as he manifests in his prayers and his invocations of our Blessed Lady and Mother are not found often



on the lips of such as we. Still, it is precisely this childlike love and devotion that obtained for him that great prerogative of being so much like "his" Mother Mary.

We know that St. Alphonsus never grew tired of extolling the greatness of Mary. We know, too, that it was he, above all his contemporaries who brought back that delightful devotion to our heavenly Mother when false doctrine and false devotion had almost removed this so salutary help to salvation from the minds and hearts of men. His love made him prescribe for all missions that wonder-working sermon on the power of Mary's intercession. And that one sermon alone has done much to restore Mary to her proper place in the hearts of sinners like ourselves.

If, then, we are astonished at his great purity of life and are apt to think this same purity of life impossible for us in our age and day, let us be like him for but a short time in our devotion to Mary. We shall be most agreeably surprised to find that virtue is not half as hard as we think. We shall be agreeably surprised to find that to serve God is not the impossibility that men say it to be. We shall be agreeably surprised to find ourselves an example to others—even though we make every effort to hide our devotion. We shall find that not only are we ourselves improved in our conduct to God; but that our behavior to our fellowmen is also more in harmony with that of the "most amiable of men" and our "Mother most amiable." Men will be glad to remain in our company; will rejoice to be called our friends; will readily follow our lead in all things even in piety and devotion.

Mary makes us hate sin. Mary keeps us from the stain of sin. St. Alphonsus experienced it to the highest possible degree. We, too, in spite of our erstwhile sins and neglect can still attain to those great heights—for Mary, herself sinless and stainless, is only too willing to make us, like herself, sinless and pleasing always in the eyes of her divine Son Jesus. What the saints have accomplished that is possible also to us—if we will but have recourse to Mary.

And her title "Mother of Perpetual Help" is the one title under which we can always go to her for the grace to keep from sin; for her bands are a healthful binding—the chain of predestination.

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O Mother of Perpetual Help, I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for a favor you granted me today.

### IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"Dear Fathers: I promised Masses in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help, St. Joseph and St. Patrick if my brothers would give up drink and get steady positions through the intercession of Our Mother of Perpetual Help. Thanks to this good Mother, they have now given up drink. I hope they will continue in this way for the rest of their lives.

"They have always practiced their religion, and neither of them is any longer a young man.

"One more favor I am asking, and I hope it, too, will be answered favorably. It is: That the brother who is still without work may find steady employment and that his son, who neglects his duties to God and the Church, may return to his duties.

"I enclose money for Masses to be said as directed." Chicago.

\* \* \*

"Dear Fathers: I wish to thank Our Mother of Perpetual Help sincerely for the favors I have received through her. I have promised publication and I am having Masses said in thanksgiving. I am also continuing to pray for other favors.

"The favor received was the finding of a suitable place into which to move. We found better than we expected.

"I am asking for employment for my son, who has been out of work since September. His wife is expecting to become a mother soon and material things are needed. I ask, too, that his wife may receive the grace to become a Catholic. I also ask that my daughter may find work. She has a promise of a job. I am enclosing stipend for a Mass of thanksgiving. I am sure Our Mother will help me." Seattle, Wash.

\* \* \*

I wish to thank you publicly, dearest Mother, for the many favors, spiritual and temporal, which we have received through your intercession. Since the last Novena I have obtained three of the petitions which I placed before your shrine. I will continue the Tuesday devotions in your honor, in thanksgiving, and to obtain different other favors; among these I include the return to health of one dear to me and a very special favor for ourselves.

\* \* \*

Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I wish to thank you for the wonderful favor I received this afternoon.

# Catholic Anecdotes

## A VERY GOOD LESSON

St. John Baptist Vianney, well known as the Cure of Ars, was once asked why there are ten "Hail Mary's" to one "Our Father" in the Rosary. His reply was:

"In order to make us say it ten times better." And he added more seriously: "We pray often to Christ's Mother that we may become worthy of the promises of Christ."

To another person who asked him how to avoid distractions at prayer, he gave this counsel, which seems at first strange, but on deeper reflection, very good:

"Keep on praying till there aren't any left."

## INVERTING THE TELESCOPE

Even the Saints do not accomplish all that they would like to do. There is comfort in the thought in moments of discouragement.

St. Vincent de Paul, chiding himself for his forgetfulness, says with a whimsicalness begotten of true Faith:

"And then, what about my good friend, the galley-slaves, who are so dear to me, to whom I owe so much, who have taught me so much; must I renounce them?"

"I recall that at Marseilles long ago when I saw their distress, which unnerved me, I said to myself that a hospital for them, for them alone, was a crying necessity. And then, all that has flowed away like the waters under the Pont-Neuf, and they still wait for me to undertake it.

"Ah me! Where is my head—and where is my heart? Quick, we must be busy with that hospital. With the time that it takes to build it, I may never see the roof. But that does not matter. I can at least see the foundations, and as to the roof, why, if I am no longer here, I can see it from heaven."

### BEHIND CONVENT WALLS

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Side by side with the futile aspersions recently cast upon our sisterhoods by Miss Mullins in her "Convent Girl," we like to read over the tribute to our nuns placed by Canon Sheehan on the lips of one of his characters in "The Triumph of Failure." Its truth is as inspiring as its beauty:

"Why, there is more talent, nay genius, locked up in our convents, than would suffice to create a new civilization. There are women there who could sing as bravely as any woman from Sappho to Elizabeth Barrett Browning; but they are mute—except to God: There are artists there that could create a new school, as the ragged followers of St. Francis created the Umbrian school, but they paint Agnus Dei's for little children, and scapulars for beggar women. There are girls with trained voices who would be smothered with bouquets if they appeared on any stage from London to Naples, and they sing only to God. For Him they compose, for Him they paint, for Him they sing; they have no ambition but to please Him, no hope but to sit at His feet forever. Oh, it is wonderful, especially to me who was never brought up at a convent school, this army of noble women, passing by in disdain all that the world holds dear, and conquered by the love of Jesus Christ!"

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### IN NO OTHER NAME

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A pious mother, after a long and virtuous life, was approaching death, and her former confessor, a man who had died some years before, is said to have appeared to her and consoled her that the happiness of heaven would soon be hers.

The good woman was not afraid of death. The consciousness of innocence was in her soul, but in her simplicity she said to him:

"Only one thing worries me, Father. When I appear before God, what shall I say to Him? With what words shall I, only a poor creature, address my Creator and my Lord?"

"My child," replied the confessor, "do not be troubled. For when you appear before the throne of God, only say this: 'Praised be Jesus Christ!' and all heaven will respond: 'Eternally—eternally—eternally!'"

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Duty is the body of which love is the soul.

# Pointed Paragraphs

## MAY IS FOR MOTHER

The poet has exhausted all the artistry of words and fancy to express it. The painter has used his most delicate tints and bent over his canvass till his eyes were dim to leave thereon a faint reflection of its beauty. And the sculptor has put warmth into stone and life into granite under the influence of so potent an ideal. All have spent their efforts to crystallize in art the magic charm—the ineffable loveliness—the sacred memory of “Mother.”

May-time is Mother-time—when Nature, the best and most skilled artist of them all, unfolds her rarest beauties and inspires the sweetest songs and arouses tender sentiments such as surround our thoughts and memories of Mother. June is for brides, with its blossoms of promise. November is for our loved ones who are gone, with its withered flowers and falling leaves. But May with all its unfailing beauty is for “Mother.”

We shall remember, then, the mothers who bore us—the mothers who loved us and love us still—the mothers whose teaching and example and inspiration have been our greatest treasures in the world.

We shall remember, too, in May, the Mother who bore our souls—who brought us forth under the shadows of Calvary's cross—when she suffered as no Mother has ever suffered before. With the flowers of May for the mothers of earth, and the flowers of prayer for our Mother in heaven, the artistry of our deeds will proclaim once more that May-time is Mother-time throughout the world!

## A REMARKABLE TRIBUTE TO MARY

That the observance of Mother's Day should suggest to a client of the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of fair love and holy hope, a tribute of praise is nothing more than natural; but that such a client should appear in the person of a Protestant clergyman is surely worth noting. The following tribute, gracious and eloquent, is taken from the *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis, and is credited to the Rev. W. H. Claggett of

that city. And because of its unexpected source, we are glad to print it for the honor of Mary.

"Mother for, whom words never have been, never can be coined with which to weave the wreath of glory that we would place upon thy brow—

"Mother, by whom God became man, by whom the human race has thus been linked forever to the throne of God—

"Mother, the light of whose eyes was the first light that shone upon the Babe of Bethlehem—

"Mother, whose face was the first face into which the Infant Jesus looked—

"Mother, who alone of all of God's servants cradled Deity in thine arms, and laid Him on thy bosom, and held Him to thy breast—

"Mother, who taught the feet of the Infant Son of God to walk—

"Mother, the first word that the lips of the Babe that was God and man learned to lisp—

"Mother, who followed the Son of God, thy Son, bone of thy bone and flesh of thy flesh, to the Cross, to ignominious death—

"Mother, the first of all to give the Saviour loving ministry as He nestled on thy bosom, the last of all the earth in the thought of the Son of God as He hung upon the Cross and died—

"Mother, through whom heaven itself was forever changed when thy Son ascended from the Cross and took his seat forever upon the throne of God—

"Mother, who to this sin-darkened world gave the Infant Jesus, now the light of heaven—

"Mother, standing beneath the glory of the throne of God and of the Lamb—

"Mother, one and all, we rise up and call thee blessed and place upon thy brow our richest diadem. We crown thee queen of hearts. We give thee all of God's creation."

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#### NINTH CENTENARY OF NORWAY'S CONVERSION

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For the first time since the Reformation Norway has a Catholic bishop who is a son of the soil. On March 12 His Holiness Pope Pius XI named as Vicar Apostolic of that country the Rt. Rev. Olaf Offerdhal, a convert from Lutheranism. The nomination of Bishop Offerdhal

calls attention to the strong, thrifty peoples of the North countries who, for 400 years, have been almost completely outside the pale.

Bishop Offerdahl will be consecrated in a year memorable in Scandinavia, for 1930 is the ninth centenary of the conversion of Norway and of the martyrdom of the Saint-king Olaf.

#### PRODUCED FIVE GREAT SAINTS

Scandinavia's greatest Saint is Ansgar, monk of the Abbey of Corbie, France, who was sent by Pope Gregory I as Apostolic Legate to the Northern countries. Each nation, however, has a Saint-king. Olaf ruled Norway and died fighting enemies of Christianity July 29, 1030. St. Eric was King of Sweden and Finland, while St. Canute was King of Denmark. During the eleventh and twelfth centuries dioceses and monasteries were erected in these countries, great cathedrals rose, great saints flourished both at this period and later, besides the four mentioned above, St. Bridget being most outstanding.

But in the sixteenth century Scandinavia's kings plunged their peoples headlong into the heresies of Luther. Those bishops and priests who remained true to the faith were either exiled or imprisoned, some even suffering martyrdom. For three centuries Catholic worship was forbidden under severe penalties in the three realms.

#### PERSECUTION CEASES IN 1845

In 1845, however, a change came and today each of the five countries of Scandinavia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, and Iceland, has a Catholic bishop. Of these, Bishop Meulenburg of Iceland is a citizen of his territory though born in Germany. Bishop Offerdahl is the first instance of the election of a Norwegian born within the limits of his own jurisdiction. The total Catholic population of Scandinavians is but 30,698, of which 23,000 is in Denmark, 3,450 in Sweden, 2,600 in Norway, 1,500 in Finland, and 148 in Iceland.

Despite Scandinavia's numerical paucity there are signs of vitality and progress. Numerous new stations have been opened during the past thirty years and the number of priests has increased to 140. Of these 23 are native born, three each in Norway and Sweden, two in Finland, one in Iceland, and 14 in Denmark. There are 1,087 Sisters.

The distinguished Norwegian writer, Sigrid Undset, some of whose works have appeared in English, is the most outstanding Scandinavian among those who have entered the Church in recent years. At the Abbey of St. Maurice of Clervaux, Luxembourg, there has existed



since 1910 an Association of Prayer for the Conversion of the Northern Nations which now counts 56,000 members throughout the world. An interesting organization for work among Americans of northern origin is St. Ansgar's Scandinavian Catholic League of New York City. The League aims to spread knowledge of the Church among Scandinavians.

In Rome there is a house of the historic Order of Our Most Holy Saviour, the Bridgettine Sisters, reestablished in 1911 for oblation, prayer, and apostolic labor to bring about the return of Scandinavia to the Church.

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### HOLDING THE TRUMP

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"Our Catholic women will hold the trump, when it comes to putting the cards on the table," said Bishop Henshaw of Salford, speaking of the school question in England. He meant, that when it comes to the final word, they are the ones to say to the child: Go to the Catholic school.

Lady Armstrong, wife of Sir Harvey Gloster Armstrong, the British Consul-General at New York, evidently has the same idea regarding the movies and the press. In an address to the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, she said:

"We are flooded today with filthy, vile, salacious plays and with salacious books. . . . We women, who have the advantage of a Catholic education, must take the lead in bringing about a reform in bad plays and bad literature. We have got to say, 'No, I cannot go to that play; I am a Catholic.' And, 'I cannot read that book; I am a Catholic.'

"We Catholic women are just as ambitious for our daughters as other women. Are we training them as we should?"

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By the Virgin Mary, Life itself was introduced into the world; so that she is not only the Mother of Life, but the Mother of all who live.—St. Epiphanius.

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He who receives many graces from God and many favors should be disposed and prepared for great trials; for they will not be wanting in the path of perfection.

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Success and virtue are not always twins.

## Catholic Events

The Catholic population of the United States proper crossed the twenty-million mark for the first time, in 1929, according to statistics given in the 1930 edition of the Official Catholic Directory, which has just made its appearance.

Catholics in the United States, exclusive of Alaska and the other territories, are listed at 20,078,202 in the present volume, as against 19,994,258 given for the United States proper in the 1929 edition. The increase thus is 83,944.

For the United States proper plus Alaska and Hawaii, the total number of Catholics is given as 20,203,702, as against 20,112,758 in the 1929 Directory, or an increase of 90,944.

An increase of 1,856 in the number of converts is recorded over the preceding year. Conversions given in the 1929 Directory were 36,376, and in the 1930 volume they are recorded as 38,232.

The Directory lists as of the date of its publication, four Cardinals, twelve Archbishops, exclusive of the Cardinals, and 102 Bishops as composing the American Hierarchy.

The number of priests increased over the year by 572, according to the Directory, the total number rising to 26,925. Of these, 18,873 are given as secular priests and 9,052 as religious. Both the secular and the religious priesthoods increased, the former by 151, the latter by 421.

The year, according to the Directory, showed an increase of 230 Catholic churches in the United States, the growth extending to both churches with resident pastors and to missions with churches. The total number of churches in the country is given as 18,166, as against 17,936 in the 1929 Directory.

Seminarians preparing for the priesthood show the large increase of 1,614 over 1929, according to the volume. The 1930 figure is 16,300, while that for 1929 was 14,686. These young men are being prepared in 135 seminaries.

Catholic Colleges for boys are listed as 219; girls' academies at 743; parishes with schools at 7,225; and pupils attending the schools at 2,248,571.

There are given 329 orphan asylums, caring for 51,523 orphans. Hospitals are given as 624, caring daily for more than 100,000 patients.

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The topics for the second series of six lectures to be delivered during the Catholic Hour, which is sponsored by the National Council of Catholic Men, and broadcast over a network of the National Broadcasting Company, has been announced.

This new series of addresses will have to do with the moral order, and will be as follows: "The Spirituality of the Soul," "The Immor-

tality of the Soul," "Freedom of the Will," "Conscience," "The Natural Law," and "The Commandments."

The name of the speaker has not yet been announced.

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The initiation of perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament by the students of Notre Dame University, near South Bend, Ind., has been attended by remarkable success, it is revealed in the report of the prefect of Religion, which has just been made public as an official bulletin of the University.

"Daily Communion," the report says, "made progress. The increase in registration in 1928-29 was 73; the increase in daily average reception of Holy Communion was 79; the respective averages of the last two years were 1,324 and 1,403.

"With deductions from the registration for 233 non-Catholic students and for some three hundred students who spent less than a year at school (early departures and second semester registrants), the average student reception of Holy Communion appears to have been approximately 3.9, or almost four times a week.

"Further allowance should be made for the fact that the average registration of Catholic students off-campus was about 725, of whom more than a hundred were residents of South Bend and vicinity, and most of whom received the Sacraments at their parish churches and are, therefore, not counted at the University. In view of these facts the average was an impressive one."

\* \* \*

Great preparations are being made in Baltimore, Md., for the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of the Catholic Central Verein of America—its Convention and that of the Catholic Women's Union on August 17-20, 1930. The general outline of the program has been completed and the committees are at work with numerous details in order to make the events a decided success.

His Grace, Rt. Rev. Michael J. Curley, the Archbishop of Baltimore, has consented to act as Honorary Chairman of the local committee, and has emphasized his approval of the Central Verein in its endeavors during the 75 years of its existence, to-wit: The fostering and promotion of Catholic Action.

Therefore, it is evident that all those who would interest themselves in this great movement for Catholic Action will not delay in arranging their affairs in order to attend and take a deep interest in this so vital and important movement for the betterment of society.

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Martin H. Carmody, Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus, speaking to 2,000 members of Columbus Council, Brooklyn, N. Y., at a Communion banquet recently, said:

"In this day and age we find 'chalk and water' Catholics who feel that they cannot attain their measure of material success unless they bow and scrape before those of other faiths.

"Materialism has set man above God, and made worldly things the

dominant force in the world. However, every age has felt the guiding hand of the Church, and the Church has always encouraged loyalty and devotion to our country not only in theory but also in practice.

"Yet there are some who believe that Catholics are here in this country by sufferance. We are inclined to be looked down upon by those who claim they came over in the Mayflower. I respect lineage, but have no regard for those who are ashamed of their birthplace, however humble. Let them judge us by our record and the statistics of the World War.

"When any group has done not only its duty, but more than its duty, it need not apologize to anyone. We should have the courage to claim every right and prerogative that is ours, even if it be the office of President of the United States. Let us have no more idle prattle about religious convictions."

\* \* \*

Word has been received by the N. C. W. C. News Service, direct from an American missionary in China, giving for the first time the substantiated account of how the Rt. Rev. Louis Versiglia, beloved Salesian Missionary Bishop in China, was martyred recently in that country, together with one of his priests.

It is now definitely confirmed that Bishop Versiglia and his fellow-priest, Father Calixtus Caravario, were attacked, clubbed, and finally shot by the Chinese bandits because they defended three women from the clutches of the marauders.

\* \* \*

In a paper read at the Southeastern Regional Conference of the Religious Education Association, held at Atlanta, Georgia, in February, the well-known Col. P. H. Callahan described the working of his immense industry, the Louisville Varnish Company. He said:

"I have been especially requested to include in my remarks a description of the plan in operation in my own industry, and with apologies for the personal allusion I shall do so.

"The plan is known as the Ryan-Callahan Plan, as it follows the principles of distributive justice long advocated by Dr. John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University, one of the leading if not the first sociological scientist in America.

"In brief, we first pay all workers a living wage, our scale, in most cases, being higher even than the union scale. We do not dismiss workers in slack times, but if necessary take a voluntary cut in wages and salaries, beginning with the president.

"The workers all have some share in the management. At the close of the year we set aside interest on the capital used (that is the 'living wage' to capital). Then we divide the profits, half and half. One-half goes to the owners, one-half to the workers.

"The plan has been in operation for fifteen years. It seems satisfactory to the owners and to the workers. It gives a high degree of efficiency and a full degree of contentment.

"We think it exemplifies the principle that business was made for man and not man for business."

## Some Good Books

*I Go to Mass.* Mass and Communion Prayers for Young Children. By Sister M. Alphonsus, O.S.U. With a foreword by Rev. William R. Kelly. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. 96 pages. Price, 21 cents. Special prices to priests and schools.

Why shouldn't the child just beginning school—and perhaps daily attending Mass—understand the divine drama of the altar? It already goes to movie shows and it is aided by its elders to follow the story. It already reads its nursery rhymes and stories and grasps them and is impressed by them. Why should not the Mass be unfolded to it in all its deep and sweet significance, to draw its heart to Jesus?

This, no doubt, was the thought Sister Alphonsus had in mind and she has left nothing undone to accomplish her purpose. Illustrations, clear and colored, large type, prayers built up on the Missal, but simplified to meet the child mind, all make it not simply a book, but a joy and an experience for the six or seven-year-old.

*My Stations of the Cross.* By the Rev. Francis C. Young. Published by Keystone View Company, Meadville, Penna.

Father Young presents us with Stations in verse. Prayer in verse has a special appeal to some. Children especially appreciate the simple rhymes that speak the thoughts of their heart. It is for the school children that Father Young has written these Stations. But many of their elders evidently have used the book and are highly pleased with it.

*Stations of the Cross.* Prepared under the personal direction of the Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D.D., Bishop of Cleveland. 48 pages, paper cover. Price, 20 cents; \$15.00 per hundred. Daprato Co., Chicago.

Those who prefer prayers in prose will find a very useful and devotional Way of the Cross in this booklet. An additional advantage—for the use of congregations in particular—is the fact that the music is supplied for the hymns customary at the Stations.

*Living With the Church. A Handbook of Instruction in the Liturgy of the Church.* By Dom Otto Haering, O.S.B. Translated by Dom Rembert Bularzik, O.S.B. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. XX and 191 pages. Price, \$1.36; special discount to schools.

The book might well be used in our schools as a textbook on liturgy. Surely it would serve well with Father Borgmann's Libica method. It is a very complete and yet sufficiently concise explanation of various solemnities of the Church year.

If not used as a textbook, at least, it will be of very great service to teachers and instructors in Christian Doctrine. Moreover all users of the missal will be glad to have this book for it will aid them to a more profitable use of the missal.

In more time is devoted to the development of the idea of the various feasts and holy seasons not so much to history. And yet there are enough historical notes to allow us to see the antiquity of all the ceremonies of the Church.

*Another Visit to God's Wonderland.* By the Rev. J. E. Moffatt, S.J. First Steps in Meditation for Children. Series II. 16 mo. Paper. Cloth back, illustrated. 64 pages.

I have warmly recommended Series I of these Visits to God's Wonderland in a previous issue of *THE LIGUORIAN*. I likewise heartily recommend this Series II.

Prayer is a raising of the heart and mind to God. We should think in prayer, and the child should be led on to do the same. Then will the truths of faith also sink into its heart and become part of itself.

Jesus must be brought close to the heart of all, but most of all, must He be brought into the heart of the child—to be Friend, Confidant, Teacher, and Ideal. There is no better way to do this than to lead the child from scene to scene of Our Lord's life and let him study it, think over it with prayer.

Every child will love these little books.

## Some Good Books

*Father Finn, S.J.—The Story of His Life Told by Himself for His Friends Young and Old.* Edited and with a preface by Rev. Daniel J. Lord, S.J. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. XXV and 236 pages. Price, \$2.50.

"Friends, here is Father Francis J. Finn, of the Society of Jesus and of the civilized world." With these words Father Lord classes his excellent preface and introduces Father Finn himself. For "in these memoirs," we quote Father Lord again, "the reader will find Father Finn speaking of his early years, of St. Louis University when it was hardly more than a small High School, of old St. Mary's (Kansas) emerging from its period as an Indian School, of the remote origin and final creation of his famous fictional characters, of his varied life as a Jesuit, of his labors in the class room and the parish, of his splendid Quarter Century at St. Xavier's Cincinnati."

And when he says that Father Finn *speaks* to his reader, Father Lord means just that. For, "Father Finn did not, in the strict sense, write his memoirs. He spoke them aloud to his friends. . . . He talked his memoirs, and the swift pencil of Miss Florence Moran (his Secretary) or one of her assistants caught the words the spoken words and imprisoned them for the interested reader."

And it is just this fact that explains the easy, familiar conversational tone which one finds throughout the book.

I am sure that all young people will be eager to read about Father Finn because there is hardly a Catholic child that has not been delighted with his books. Many of us have already advanced far in years and still we think back to the days when leisure hours and stolen hours were brightened by his stories.

And more than interest, real inspiration comes to one, as he listens to Father Finn's own story—as interesting as any novel—when he sees how sickness was from the start and all through life a handicap that he had to overcome. Despite this handicap, he yet wrote a small library, an achievement that would seem to exhaust

anyone's time and strength. But it does not by any means exhaust his achievements.

But—you simply must read this "Life" for yourself. Then you will see why, when trying to tell you about it, I just did not know where to begin. I shall venture to prophesy, you will wish it were longer. But isn't that what we said of all his books?

*Libica. A Liturgical, Biblical, Catechetical Summary of the Catholic Religion.* By Rev. Henry Borgmann, C.Ss.R. Published by John Murphy Co., Baltimore, Md. XIII and 221 pages.

There has been for sometime a feeling that our methods of teaching catechism in grade schools and high schools might be improved. Various methods have been elaborated in recent years and the trend in all has been to establish a closer connection between catechism and life, teaching and practising.

Father Borgmann has built upon this trend and moreover has seized upon the liturgical movement so strong today, to draw from it a rather original and fertile idea.

The title of his book and method—*Libica*—reveals the foundation of his plan. He wishes to fuse liturgy, bible and catechism in a presentation of our Holy Faith that will not only impress the mind of the pupil but also lead him to live according to his faith.

The plan has received recommendations from all sides and is worthy of the attention of teachers and pastors.

*Cherie.* By May Beatrix McLaughlin. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. 192 pages. Price, \$1.25.

Cherie really christened Mehitabel but called by the name of Cherie, was left an orphan in Paris. She was just about high school age when her parents, Mr. Lawton, an American artist, and Mrs. Lawton, a French girl, died. The story tells the varying fates of the orphan girl.

It is a story that will interest and please from beginning to end. I am sure it will receive a warm welcome from young readers.



# Lucid Intervals

Irate Master (to negro servant):  
"Rastus, I thought I told you to get a domestic turkey. This one has shot in it."

Rastus: "I done got a domestic turkey, suh."

Master: "Well, how did the shot get in it?"

Rastus: "I 'spects they was meant for me, suh."

"Jimmy, I wish you'd learn better table manners; you're a regular little pig at the table."

Deep silence on Jimmy's part. So father, in order to impress him more added, "I say, Jimmy, do you know what a pig is?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmy meekly, "it's a hog's little boy."

Poet—Dash it, the baby must have thrown that last sonnet of mine in the fire.

His wife—Don't be absurd, Richard. The little dear can't read yet.

Little Boy—"Mother says she could have soled her shoes with that steak!"

Butcher (sarcastically)—"Why didn't she?"

Little Boy—"She couldn't get the nails through."

Florian: "Chief, ah needs protection! Ah done git a unanimous letter this mornin' which says, 'Nigger, let mah chickens alone.'"

Chief of Police: "Why protection? Just leave the chickens alone."

Florian: "Dat's all right, boss, but how does I know whose chickens I's to leave alone?"

Dusty Rhoades (sleeping in barn loft)—Ou-u-u-uch!

Lazy Bohns—Wassamatta?

Dusty Rhoades—I just accidentally located de needle in dis haystack.

Mistress: "Mandy, how do you manage to get your pies so neatly crimped?"

Mandy: "Oh, tha's easy, ma'am. Ah just uses mah false teeth."

Mrs. Withers had been to the talking pictures for the first time.

"Ow did yer like it, Nell?" asked her friend.

"All right enough, but to tell yer the truth, I'd rather 'ave been to one of the old unspeakable ones."

Steno: "How do you spell sense?"  
Boss: "Dollars and cents or 'horse sense'?"

Steno: "Well, like in 'I ain't seen him sense.'"

Guide—This, ladies and gentlemen, is the greatest cataract in the country, and if the ladies will only be silent for a moment you can hear the thunder of the waters.

"What happened to Billings? His face is all bandaged up."

"Oh, he was getting shaved by a lady barber when a mouse ran across the floor."

Jones: "I'm very sorry, old man, but my hen got loose and scratched up your flower bed."

Smith: "That's all right. As a matter of fact my dog ate your hen."

Jones: "Fine! I've just run over your dog with my car."

Ladd: "How did you find your wife when you got home last night?"

Mann: "Just as nice as pie."

Ladd: "How's that?"

Mann: "Short and crisp."

Buster: "Mrs. Seldomhome, will you lend me Jimmie's bike?"

Mrs. Seldomhome: "Lend you Jimmie's bike! Why, Jimmie will need it himself."

Buster: "No, ma'am, he won't. He's just been knocked down by an auto."

Mrs. Small: "My husband is a perfect brute."

Mrs. Short: "You don't say."

Mrs. Small: "Yes, since the baby began teething nothing would quiet the little darling but pulling his father's mustache. Well, yesterday he went and had his mustache shaved off."



## Redemptorist Scholarships

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A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by the students after they have become priests.

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 Father Nicholas Franzen Memorial Burse, \$64.63.

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## Books

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### FOR EVERY DAY AND EVERY MOOD

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Price, \$1.25.

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Price, postpaid, \$1.10.

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